

IN HOLLYWOOD

In Hollywood the wilderness
withdrew its animals in fright
when tarnish stalked
the dust of fabulous dreams.

Orange neon blood
from ancient sorority
queens, now dried,
with impossible tears between
splendor and horror
of the black light sun.

Greed hangs in chemical smog.
Reptiles human bemoan
transistor shops.
No need for Hieronymus Bosch.

In Barney's Beanery
they've added another room to hell.
The jukebox keeps repeating
Second Hand Rose.
And in unison
a thousand long fingers
of high school sweethearts
employ their cigarettes
and whisps of smoke.

There is a chance
Second Hand Rose
a star may fall at your feet.
But you know that chance
becomes slimmer with age
the glitter of non-stop snow.

A puff of light,
life rare like neon
your face is hard
while your blood
pumps heavenly showers
of honeycombed jewels
spaghetti streets
self splashing
in the night
now carving bloodstream
from demonic space.

Could be Sunset Strip
arrayed in the valley
of the city of angels

When star falls in
tremor at the tables
awake gambler's chance
it is just a glance.

A trance spinning in the
wake of star pieces
life torn off a song.

There are no self help programs
hard starlet in mad beads.
Play All. Sweet kid
don't run down that
super box protruding
sailing over, suspended,
eternal gash you are
on now, no need to take
your place with the
same people of eternity.

Cast this spell on
neon dye tonight, dark moon,
for tomorrow that ounce
of stardust will be
wiped from Cadillac chrome.
Unnoticed by skyway hawks.

-- Charles Plymell

New York, New York

EVERYONE HAS PUBIC HAIR

I saw this man -- he was all head -- I mean,
he had a head & the rest of his body narrowed
into a spoon. He was scooping up portions of
a huge cake & trying to fling it into his
mouth but not being a flexible spoon all he
could do was dance, bouncing his spoon into the
cake & falling onto the back of his head.

As a result of his inability to be flexible
he started eschewing, degrading & hating
the cake. He even went so far as to put paste-
on pubic hair on his spoon trying to give the
appearance of a "natural human being."

It fooled everybody but the cake, which knew
it wasn't being eaten.